

THE  
BATTEL of AUDENARD.

A  
POEM

Occasion'd

By the Glorious Victory obtain'd over the *French* near that Place, the 11th of *July*, 1708. N. S. by the Confederate Army under the Command of his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, Monsieur D'*Auverquerque*, and Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy*.

With the Characters of the General Officers, who were present in the Engagement.

A L S O

A New C O P Y of Verses of *Jack Frenchman's* Lamentation.

L O N D O N,

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in the *Black-fryars*, near *Water-side*, For the Benefit of the Poor. 1708.

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THE  
P R E F A C E.



**T**IS reasonable to believe, that the original Design of a Preface, was, to excuse the Performance of the Author: If this Assertion be admitted as a Truth, no Work ever claim'd a Pardon with stronger Reasons than the following Poem. Its Birth and Education was but the Labour of three Days at farthest; and if it dies within the same Compass of Time, it will never torment me very much. If Poets were like Prophets, we of the chiming Tribe should do well enough; we had nothing then to do, but to utter the Divine Inspirations. But thi Age of Possession is over, and I am sensible, that a correct Poem must be the Effect of Time, and serious Reflexions: Yet, however I have miscarry'd in the following Numbers, I have at least express'd my good Wishes to those Gentlemen, who behav'd themselves with so much Honour in the Service of their Country, and the Vindication of our Liberties. Let the formal Part of Mankind be of what Opinion they please, I can't but think Poems of this Nature very conducive to the Health and Welfare of the State. There is a natural Desire of Glory and Immortality imprinted in the Breast of all Mankind, and the Soldiers of all People are generally the most fond of an illustrious Character. This made Alexander plague himself and

his Subjects; and the self same Cause oblig'd him to weep, when he knew of no more Worlds to conquer. If then the Desire of Fame is so rivited in the Military Profession, nothing can more effectually satisfy that honest Thirst of Glory, than transmitting their Reputation to Posterity, by the Assistance of the Muses. It must be acknowledg'd, that Poetry, in the Age we live in, is no current Coin; nor can an Agent pay a Battalion with all the Treasure of Parnassus: Yet 'twas only with that, or its Sister Painting, that the ancient Greeks rewarded their bravest Generals: An Ode or a Picture done by some Great Master's Hand, made their Heroes Satisfaction for all their vast Fatigues and Labour: And even here in England we have had the same Custom, as appears by these Verses of Lucan;

Vos quoque, qui Fortes Animas Belloq; peremptas,  
Laudibus in longum Vates demittitis ævum,  
Plurima securi fudistis Carmina Bardi.

I am very well satisfy'd, that these Sort of Rewards are now in a great Measure grown out of Fashion; but if they were to revive again, I believe the Nation would be no Losers. I have therefore made an Essay to perpetuate the Memory of those General Officers, from whom we have receiv'd so lately a Service of the highest Consequence, and doubt not, but my Imperfections will be made amends for, by the Performances of abler Pens.



(4)  
A  
P O E M.

Celestial Maid, now touch thy Golden Lyre,  
And Numbers sing, which *Churchill's* Arms inspire.  
From *Jove* their Birth the sacred Muses take,  
But 'tis the Hero does the Poet make.  
Th' Immortal Bards secure of Lawrels write,  
Warm'd with that Fire with which our Soldiers fight.  
But oh! what Pow'r Terrestrial or Divine,  
*Illustrious Chief!* \* can write of Acts like thine?  
Not Great *Pelides*, † by a Goddess bore,  
Whom *Asia's* § Lord did solemnly adore,  
With the same Harp which bright *Minerva* gave  
Could reach thy Praise, nor was the Youth so brave.  
*Milton's* bold Verse could only soar so high,  
Which sung the ravag'd Empire of the Sky:  
Contending Gods in dreadful Feuds engag'd,  
And Civil Wars by hostile Seraphs wag'd.  
Methinks I see th' embattell'd Squadrons stand,  
And *Fate* subservient to thy high Command,

\* *The Duke of Malborough.* † *Achilles.* § *Alexander sacrific'd at the Tomb of Achilles.*



Certain to strike as you decree the Blow,  
And pour down purple Vengeance on the Foe.

Illustrious Prince! Indulge the Mule's Toil,  
And on the Labours of a Soldier smile.

No other Pow'r my haughty Strings invoke,  
Than you, Great Sir! who false *Bavaria* broke;  
Who *Bleinheim's* Plain with slaughter'd Heroes fill'd,  
And at *Ramillies* mighty Numbers kill'd.  
On whose lov'd Life depends our Empire's Fate,  
Whose Sword defends, and Head adorns the State.

Like *Cæsar*, you did War-like *Gauls* o'ercome,  
And hung their Standards in Imperial *Rome*.  
*Nature* to him did lavishly impart  
The noblest Sense, and the most daring Heart.  
Curse of his Pow'r, and fond ambitious Aim,  
His conquer'd Country quite destroy'd his Fame.  
*Churchill* to Glory, nobler Paths pursues,  
He fights to save, and piously subdues.  
No honest Patriot mourns his shining Fate,  
His Conquests fix, his Blood cements the State.  
In him we see that Emperor's mighty Mind,  
And all his Worth, without his Vices, find.

Illustrious *Nassau*, *Belgia's* faithful Shield,  
Ne'er won the Honours of the dusty Field  
From *Gallick* Troops.  
Reluctant *Fates* would not such Fame allow,  
But kept the Bays for *Churchill's* happier Brow.

Thus only *Jove* could *Rebels* *Giants* quell,  
 And drive *Briareus* to the *Verge* of *Hell*;  
 When weaker *Gods* from the dire *Monsters* fled,  
 And *Mars* in *Egypt* hid his fearful *Head*.

Oh ! may'st thou slowly yield to *Age* and *Years*,  
 When *Halcyon* *Peace* o'er all the *World* appears;  
 When *Plenty* blooms, and spreads her balmy *Wings*,  
 Fraught with the *Joys*, thy happy *Conduct* brings.  
 Forbid it, *Heav'n*, that *Fate* should soon remove  
 Our sole *Defence*, to brighter *Realms* above.  
 But when, tho' late, you tread th' *Ætherial* *Way*,  
 And missive *Angels* your *Commands* obey,  
 Your *Mortal* *Part* will small *Addition* find,  
 The same your *Person*, and the same your *Mind*.  
 At your *Approach*, the *Stars* shall brighter *shine*,  
 And well pleas'd *Atlas* feel the *Load* divine.  
 As here on *Earth*, so shall you *War* on *High*,  
 And next to *Michael*, guard the *Sapphire* *Sky*.

Now six long *Years* their weary *Course* had run,  
 And the seventh *Spring* had just its *Bloom* begun,  
 Since first this *War* commenc'd —————  
*Biscay's* rough *Waves* our daring *Youth* had plough'd,  
 And *Spanish* *Gods* with low *Submission* bow'd.  
 Our *Troops* —————  
 With *Shrines* devoted to their *Saints*, made bold,  
 And seiz'd with *Hands* prophane, their pious *Gold*.  
*Beverian* *Troops* the *British* *Valour* knew,  
 And *Flanders* found what free-born *Men* could do.

The troubl'd *Rhine* our *English* *Valour* dy'd,  
 And swell'd the Current wit a sanguine Tyde,  
 The foamy *Rhine* stopt its tremendous Wave,  
 To gaze on Troops so resolutely brave,  
 Whilst charg'd with Woe, the *Danish* flower runs,  
 And mourns the Fate of his departed Son,  
 Where e'er our Force the trembling *Ross* affalls,  
 Above their Honour, Sense of Fear prevails,  
 And to the Winds they spread their Canvas Sails,  
*Almanza* only stopt our fierce Career,  
 And with fresh Hopes did drooping *Philip* cheer,  
 But tho' the *French* did to our Fortune yield,  
 They still contended for the Martial Field:  
 And *Bourbon* conquer'd, more tremendous grows,  
 Taught by Experience, and a Chain of Woes;  
 No servile Fears we in his Soul descry,  
 His Mind stands firm, altho' his Soldiers fly,  
 Arm'd with th' Force of a despotick Will,  
 He levies Troops as fast as *Churchill* kills,  
 His fertile Care the Edge of War supplies,  
 And as these fall, successive Squadrons rise,  
*Anteus* once extended on the Earth,  
*Aleides* saw, and judg'd he wanted Breath,  
 Yet by his Fall, the Giant stronger strove,  
 And grasp'd with brawny Arms the Son of *Jove*,  
 So ev'ry Wound the hoary King sustains,  
 With sharp Revenge his furious Mind enflames,  
 With Thoughts of Glory, and of Shame, he burns,  
 And to the Field with stronger Rage returns.



Resolv'd to wrest from *Fate* a happier Chance,  
Or low in Dust to lay the Pow'r of *France*.

Whilst thus deep *Cares* *Lutetia's* Monarch prest,  
And anxious Doubts deny'd his Eye-balls Rest,  
His num'rous Troops march boldly from afar,  
And in a Deluge hasten to the War.  
All *Gallia's* Youth crowd to the dusty Plain,  
And the young Bride expects her Lord in vain.  
To *Dender's* Bank the servile Legions bend,  
And the sad Sisters do their March attend,  
Expecting Vulturs hover o'er their Prey,  
And greedy *Death* longs for the purple Day.  
*Fame* with a hundred Tongues their Motions tells,  
The tim'rous Frights, and Truth to Falsehood swells.  
Aloft the Goddess takes her sudden Rise,  
And thus proclaims, as thro' the Air she flies.

The *Gallick* Youth, by *Vendosme's* Presence warm'd,  
Have scal'd the Towers, and lofty Bulwarks storm'd.  
*Bruges* the Foe with equal Honour gain'd,  
Whose Gates their Troops with Sword in Hand obtain'd  
No Force the Swains and frighted Peasants guard,  
But the too feeble Works of *Audenard*.  
Who soon the Town will burn with hostile Fires,  
And in the Dust lay low its gilded Spires.  
*Antwerp* must yield, and *Menin* too will fall,  
The fierce unbounded Deluge swallows all.  
With what an Air the Household Troops advance,  
Upon whose Swords depends the Fate of *France*?

The

The daring Squadrons are by *Vandine* led,  
 Nurs'd up in War, in Blood and Dangers bred,  
 His Valour dy'd the *Catalonian* Plains,  
 And warlike *Darmstadt* felt the Victor's Chains,  
 To *Savoy* then th' undaunted Warrior flew,  
 Conquest and Fame the Hero's Chariot drew,  
 Fierce *Amadeus* prodigal of Blood,  
 Gainst his Superior Arms successless stood,  
*Valour* and *Prudence* sit upon his Brows,  
 And servile *Fortune* to his Orders bows,  
 With what Majestick Air the Chief appears!  
 His Conquests more extensive than his Years,  
*Vertue*, like is, can prop the *Gallick* State,  
 Raise sinking Realms, and almost alter Fate.

The Goddess yet augments the dreadful News,  
 And fond of Pratling, thus the Theme pursues:  
 Whate'er can urge the war-like *French* to fight,  
 Is pompeously display'd before their Sight.  
 The *Western* World shall to the Lillies bend,  
 And Wealth and Fame the conquering Troops attend.  
 Two Royal Youths the num'rous Squadrons cheer,  
 Led on by them even Cowards loose their Fear.  
 The Royal Blood the common Danger bears,  
 Sharing their Grandfire's Glory, and his Cares.  
 Throughout the Host their Presence Heat inspires,  
 And warms the Soldier with unusual Fires.  
 Burning to fight, th' impatient *French* draw nigh,  
 Their purple Ensigns waving in the Sky.

Illustrious *Chawhill* takes the hot Alarm,  
 And orders streight his willing Troops to arm.  
 With hasty Joy the *English* strike their Tents,  
 Rush to the War, and more Commands prevent.  
 No sordid Fear our bold Battalions fright,  
 Death they prefer to an inglorious Flight.  
 Th' approaching Harm they scold'd Minds defy,  
 And all the Horrors of the threatening Sky.  
 With Battel pleas'd, they shake their Brazen Shields,  
 And hated War a Noble Prospect yields.

*Jove's* sacred Daughters tell each General's Name,  
 And to successive Times record their Fame,  
 Who firm in Battel, for their Country stood,  
 And beat the trembling Princes of the Blood:  
 From whose sharp Swords ev'n haughty *Vendosme* run,  
 And then did first th' unequal Combate shun.

*Lumley* the Horse to glorious Dangers led,  
 In Northern Climes, near rapid *Humber* bred:  
 Long e'er this Isle the Norman Fury felt,  
 His War-like Race near Scotland's Borders dwelt;  
 With whose fierce Troops th' undaunted Heroes fought  
 And with their Blood their high Preferments bought.  
 But not contented with paternal Fame,  
 He adds fresh Lawrels to his ancient Name;  
 And by his Courage, which the Fight begun,  
 We know the Blood from whence the Hero sprung.

Not born to Titles, nor a splendid State,  
 Wood chang'd the fable Colour of his Fate,  
 And sees himself by his own Merit Great.



Ancient Records, nor modern Stories, can  
Produce a better, or a juster Man:

Nor e'er did *Rome*, fertile in Heroes, yield  
A bolder Captain in the Martial Field.

*Marius* the *Teutons* did by Force o'ercome,  
And sav'd th' Imperial Majesty of *Rome*.

His high Preferments, Wood like him attain'd,  
And by his Courage, equal Honours gain'd.

*Marius* was hot, revengeful, and austere,  
Perfidious, cruel, insolent, severe,

Th' Imperial Youth he first in Feuds engag'd,  
And civil Wars with imperious Legions wag'd.

Wood more sedate, no guilty Passion knows,  
To him his Country *Civis* Garlands owes.

Willing to save, and easy to forgive,  
Ungrateful Traytors by his Mercy live.

Kind in Discourse, and easy of Access,  
He charms the Hearers with his soft Address.

The Good and Gen'rous to his Friendship yield;  
The Bad he conquers in the Bloody Field.

Civil to all, and in his Dealings just,  
He breaks no Traders with perpetual Trust.

His Worth the Soldiers with Applauses own,  
Who never sold a Post, or bought his own.

Undaunted Ross the fierce Dragoons brought on,  
As bold as *Fergus*, who his Country won.

The Chief resolv'd to conquer, or to die,  
Commanded Troops were never known to fly.

*Orkney* the Foot, and daring *Wibbes* lead  
From lovely *Severn*, and the Silver Tamed.

The first of these can boast as high a Birth,  
 As ever grac'd the *Caledonian* Earth.  
 Long ere this Isle the *Saxon* Fury felt,  
 His ancient Clan in *Scottish* Mountains dwelt.  
 Oft with the *Picts*, his honour'd Fathers fought,  
 And fickle *Fame* thro' all her Mazes sought.  
*France*, tho' ungrateful, must their Valour own,  
 The chief Support of that tyrannick Throne.  
 In Fight no General more resolv'd appears,  
 Or bears a Mind less capable of Fears.  
*Dumbarton* once his Regiment obey'd,  
 To whom almost they Adoration pay'd.  
 By *Orkney's* Justice they their Love renew,  
 And in his Courage their old General view.

*Cadogan* next brings up the *British* Ranks,  
 And fix'd his Standard on the *Dender's* Banks.  
 Since moist *Ierne* furious strong Bow won,  
 And cut in Pieces his inglorious Son;  
 Never that Isle a better Captain bore,  
 Who lov'd his Honour, and his Country more.  
*Fate* did to him two mighty Gifts impart.  
 A prudent Mind, with a courageous Heart;  
 Brave, but not cruel, learned, yet free from Pride,  
 'Twixt Arts and Arms he does his Hours divide,  
 And steady Reasons all his Actions guide.  
 When first Autumnal Colds with War dispense,  
 The high Allies own his superior Sense.  
*Villars* the *French*, and *English* *Berwick* praise,  
 Crowning their Statues with eternal Bays.

Their

Their aged King confides in *Vendostre* most,  
And we a *Churchill* and *Cadogan* boast.

To Noble Danger *Webb* directs the Way,  
His Great Example all his Troops obey.  
Before the Front the Gen'ral sternly rides,  
With such an Air as *Mars* to Battel strides.  
Did now the God court *Beauty's* rosy Queen,  
He would in *Webb's* resistless Shape be seen.  
Propitious Heav'n's must sure a Hero save,  
Like *Paris* handsome, and like *Hector* brave.

Illustrious *Campbell*, wise beyond his Age,  
Cheers his Brigade, and prompts 'em to engage,  
Ere budding down to shade his Cheeks began,  
His Worth and Courage fully spoke him Man.  
Whether on Foot he marches 'gainst the Foes,  
Or thro' the Ranks of hostile Squadrons goes,  
He leads his Men, and the first Danger knows.  
Certain Success upon his Sword attends,  
And servile *Fortune* to his Courage bends.

Illustrious *Stairs*, indulgent Muse record,  
The Right Brigade obey'd that *Northern* Lord.  
From his still Tomb, had *Fane* the *Douglas* brought,  
Who Hand to Hand with daring Hot-spur fought,  
Not bolder Acts had by his Arms been done,  
Nor with more Glory had the Field been won.

— *Temple* his Troops next to th' Battel drew,  
No Chief to Glory better Methods knew.

Whether



Whether he charg'd the hostile Ranks in Fight;  
 Or here at Home maintain'd the People's Right,  
 His Soul untainted with the Thirst of Gold,  
 Was honest, wise, and honourably bold.

Undaunted *Sabine* form'd a fierce Brigade,  
 Who for the Signal with Impatience stay'd.  
 Soon as the Chiefs had form'd th' extended Ranks;  
*Cadogan* march'd to *Dender's* slimy Banks,  
 And fearless *Sabine*, with a choice Brigade,  
 Pass'd o'er the Stream, and the first Onset made.

Now *Death* in all its gloomy Pomp appears,  
 One Hour destroys the Work of many Years.  
 Horrors and Fate in wild Confusion fly,  
 And missive Bullets wound the tender Sky.  
 Forfaken Horses wand'ring o'er the Plain,  
 Contemn the Bit, their gen'rous Riders slain.  
 Relenting Gods the bloody Action view,  
 And mourn the Ills ambitious Wars pursue.  
 Whilst thus both Parties urge the horrid Fight,  
 Thick Clouds of Smoke make an uncertain Night.  
 The weary'd War successive Troops supply,  
 Which march upon their Fellows as they die.  
 To neither Side impartial Conquest flies,  
 Griev'd one must win, when both deserve the Prize.

Ten thousand Deaths in vain our Troops oppose,  
 \* *Great Britain's* Hopes thro' all the Dangers goes.

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\* *Prince of Hannover.*

At his Approach the *French* Battalions run;  
 And his superior Force in Trenches shun.  
 But haughty *Vendosme* would not tamely yield;  
 And quit his Fame, and the contended Field:  
 At his Command the Household Squadrons move,  
 And dare the Thunder of inferior *Jove*.

Illustrious \* *Greenwich* does our Arms sustain,  
 And the goar'd Battel bleeds in ev'ry Vein:  
 As when the Sun to *Western* Seas declines,  
 Dimly he burns, and but obscurely shines;  
 So faintly now the *French* Resistance made,  
 To fly unwilling, and to stand afraid:  
 But *Nature's* Law the Soldiers soon obey,  
 And swiftly throw their useless Arms away.  
 Terror and Fear their gasty Visage show,  
 And sad Confusion deadlier make the Blow.  
 The Royal Captains share the common Fate;  
 Consult their Saffy, and neglect their State.  
 So sad a Scene shall troubl'd *Nature* show,  
 When Sinners to their final Sentence go;  
 When the last Trumpet shall the Spheres † untune,  
 And Seas of Blood obscure the Silver Moon.

\* The Duke of Argyle is Earl of Greenwich.

† Mr. Dryden says, And Music shall untune the Sky.

# Jack Frenchman's Lamentation.

A New Copy of Verses, To the Tune of *I'll tell thee Dick, &c.*

1. **Y**E Commons and P E E R S, Which runs in his Veins so blew;  
 Pray lend me your Ears, For this Gallant Young Man  
 Ill' sing you a Song (if I can) Being a Kin to QUEEN ANNE  
 How *Lewis le Grand* Did as (were she a Man) she would do.  
 Was put to a Stand  
 By the Arms of our Gracious Queen (I think 'twas last Year)  
*ANNE.* For a little Misfortune in *Spain*?  
 2. How his Army so great, For by letting 'em win  
 Had a total Defeat, We have drawn the *Putts* in  
 And close by the River *Dender*: To lose all they're worth this Cam-  
 Where his Grand-Children Twain paign  
 For fear of being slain, 9. Tho' *Bruges* and *Ghent*  
 Gallop'd off with the *Papish Pretender*. To *Monsieur* we lent,  
 3. To a Steeple on high, With Interest they shall repay 'em  
 The Battle to spy, While *Paris* may sing,  
 Up-mounted these clever Young Men; With her sorrowful King,  
 But when from the Spire *Nunc Dimitis*, instead of *Te Deum*  
 They saw so much Fire, 10. From this Dream of Success  
 Most cleverly came down again. They'll awaken we guess,  
 4. Then on Horseback they got At the Sound of Great *Marlborough's*  
 All on the same Spot, Drum:  
 By Advice of their Cousin *Vendosme*; They may think if they will,  
 O Lord cry'd out he Of *Almanza* still,  
 Unto young *Burgundy*, But 'tis *Blenheim* where ever he comes  
 Would your Brother and you were at Home. 11. O *Lewis* perplex'd,  
 5. While this he did say, What General next!  
 Without more Delay, Thou hast hitherto chang'd in vain  
 Away the Young Gentry fled; He has beat 'em all round,  
 Whose Heels for that Work, If no new one, found  
 Were much lighter than Cork, He shall beat 'em over again.  
 Tho' their Hearts were as heavy as Lead. 12. We'll let *Tallard* out  
 6. Not so did behave, If he'll take t'other Bout;  
 Young *Hannover* Brave, And much he's improv'd let me tell ye  
 In this Bloody Field I assure ye: With *Nottingham* Ale  
 When his War-Horse was shot at every Meal,  
 He valu'd it not, And good Beef and Pudding in's Belly.  
 But fought it on Foot like a Fury. 13. But as Losers at Play,  
 7. Full firmly he stood, Their Dice throw away,  
 As became his high Blood, While the Winners do still win on;  
 Let who will Command,  
 Thou had'st better disband,  
 For Old Bully, thy Doctors are gone